

## TRADING WRECKS OF MEN FROM WAR PRISONS OF GERMANY AND RUSSIA

Correspondent Witnesses Repatriation of Teutons and Departure  
of Russians—Consumptives Selected by Germans From  
Various Camps to Avoid Infecting Other  
Released Captives.

By CYRIL BROWN,  
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(Carried by Submarine Deutschland.)  
Sassnitz.—I have experienced much  
on many fronts, but never so poignantly  
the pure essence of tragedy as  
"when the dead awaken"—the moment  
when hopelessly war-damaged prisoners  
are metamorphosed by the illusory  
hope of a new existence from dumb  
brutes, denuded by long captivity and  
physical misfortune, into men again;  
when they touch home soil, if they are  
Germans or Austrians, or leave the en-  
emy's shores forever if they are Rus-  
sians.

Generally once, frequently three  
times a week, this dramatic episode  
is played on the strand of the Baltic  
at the pleasant summer resort of Sas-  
sitz, on the emerald island of Rugen,  
five hours' sail from the Swedish port  
of Trollburg, when the good ship of  
mercy, the Swedish Red Cross hospital  
ship Aeolus, old sailing Captain Brand  
commanding, brings its pitiful freight  
of exchanged prisoners from Russia  
and loads a similar return cargo. Owing  
to the general Russian offensive, which  
so taxed the Russian strategic  
railways that no rolling stock could be  
spared for the shipment of prisoners  
to Sweden, this humane exchange had  
been suspended for several months,  
but I was able to witness its resump-  
tion.

To get the complete picture you must  
begin with a tour of this little, old-  
fashioned, staid seaside town. The  
summer girls have gone home to Berlin  
and the provinces. The stony strand  
is deserted of happy children and  
anxious grown-ups. (Deleted by cen-  
sor.) The vendors of amber souvenirs  
—a specialty of Sassnitz—of picture  
postals, memorial shells and cabbies  
are boarding up their booths. Save  
for a few belated holidaying strangers,  
the modest seaside hotels are dead,  
yet your trained nose detects an un-  
mistakable air of expectancy about  
town. For this is exchange-prisoner  
day, an event in the life of this for-  
tunate far-off community, where other-  
wise the waves of war cause hardly a  
faint ripple. Native beauties—youth  
girls and others of a more matronly  
topography dressed in white, are hur-  
rying strandward bearing bunches of  
early fall flowers and of oak leaves,  
with which to decorate the returning  
heroes.

### An All-Tuberculosis Shipment.

The Times correspondent meanwhile  
visits the local music hall, where the  
Russian prisoners to be exchanged are  
housed, having had a thorough en-  
forced rest preparatory to standing the  
short but rough Baltic crossing to Swe-  
den. I find more Russians in the Vi-  
toria hotel and other hotels—about 250  
of them—all victims of tuberculosis.  
This arouses curiosity, but proves no  
coincidence. They have been carefully  
picked from the prison camps of Aus-  
tria and Germany for an all-tubercu-  
losis shipment—sensible segregation—  
rather than to have a sprinkling of  
white-plague sufferers infecting a  
mixed shipment of cripplés. These  
poor wretches lie huddled and cough-  
ing, many obviously in advanced stages  
of the disease, in cots on the floor and  
stage of the music hall, their faces  
are impressive, hopeless. Captivity  
has turned gray the unkempt hair and  
beards of many; but there are also  
broken youths, some mere boys. The  
bulk of them have been shipped from  
Austrian camps, as the Russians have  
(deleted by the censor) more Austro-  
Hungarian than German prisoners and  
consequently exchange more Austro-  
Hungarians than Germans.

The Austrians are sending home  
their prisoners in good shape as to  
equipment. A new pair of black leath-  
er boots stands at the foot of each cot,  
and beside them lies a new convict suit  
of dark brown material, with a round  
cap to match. The equipment fur-  
nished to returning Russian prisoners  
was formerly not so good, I learned;  
there is obviously a laudable desire to  
improve, however. The Russians are  
already having a foretaste of liberty—  
a touch of neutrality, at least—in the  
shape of a pretty little Red Cross  
nurse, Miss Marie Oestlin, who has  
been in America; in fact, had nurse-  
hood conferred on her by the Illinois  
Training school of Chicago. Miss Oest-  
lin, who has much to say in praise of  
American humanitarianism, notably of  
the splendid work done by American  
Red Cross surgeons and nurses during  
the war, has been continuously on duty  
in Sassnitz since August, 1915, minis-  
tering to Russian exchange prisoners,  
and wears part of her material reward  
in the form of Austrian and German  
Red Cross medals on her starched  
Swedish uniform.

In a private room in the Victoria  
hotel I meet and try to talk with a  
handful of Russian officers, the only  
nonconsumptives in the shipment, but  
make little headway, as one is a Cos-  
ack captain, who does not speak Rus-  
sian, and all are impervious to Broad-  
way German, bad French, and alleged  
Spanish.

### Town and Harbor Bedecked.

Voices outside proclaim that the  
hospital ship Aeolus has been sighted.  
Armed German bandmen, army and  
navy officers, soldiers, sailors, town-  
smen, women, children, dogs and neu-

tral correspondents are all hurrying  
downhill to the strand as the small  
Sassnitz Hafen railroad station, well  
known to American tourists who have  
voyaged to or from Sweden by the  
Trollburg route. The Aeolus is round-  
ing the long breakwater; at her fore-  
masthead she flies the Red Cross flag,  
and, like all neutral ships that travel  
these precarious world-war waters she  
has her national colors—yellow cross  
on blue field—painted on her sides.  
She also wears full gala flag dress;  
but the little port is disguised, so are the  
great steamer funnels that transport  
whole freight trains between Sweden  
and Germany, and flagged, too, is the  
German trawler fleet within the break-  
water.

The usual agitation that accompa-  
nies steamer arrivals the world over  
seizes those on shore, including the  
two score of white-dressed young girls  
and matrons who garrison certain long,  
low, gray sheds where flower-bright-  
ened tables have been set for 300, in-  
cluding also the local landsturm band,  
which goes into battle formation be-  
side the landing stage; including also  
certain German officers replete with a  
sense of duty and importance; includ-  
ing also the inevitable prince who is  
to be the orator of the sad, happy oc-  
casion, and who, I dare say, is think-  
ing hard of those well-chosen words  
he is about to deliver. A pathetic  
touch, it seems, that there are no  
friends or relatives to welcome those  
sorry, broken war tourists. And then  
follow a few moments which even  
hardened war correspondents won't  
forget, as the little Swedish hospital  
steamer creeps shoreward and moors  
at the quay.

It is as strange a ship's company as  
you are likely ever to see docked. The  
exchange prisoners are massed on the  
fore and after decks, and line the  
rail, some eagerly leaning over toward  
land and liberty, others too far gone,  
sunk in apathy from which seemingly  
nothing can arouse them. The over-  
whelming majority are Austro-Hungar-  
ian soldiers; there is a sprinkling of  
officers and of Germans.

When they are within fifteen feet  
of shore the landsturm band begins  
playing the German national anthem,  
"Heil dir im Siegerkranz," which is  
followed by "God Save the King" and  
"My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Those on shore  
joining in discordant chorus. It is in-  
teresting to note how the magic of  
music stirs the souls of the sorry  
prisoner crew; how military discipline  
slowly triumphs over physical and  
mental suffering. The few Austrian  
officers on the deck of the Aeolus are  
the first to salute and stand supply  
at attention, though several are  
propped on crutches, together with the  
sprinkling of German prisoners whose  
iron discipline is the quickest to re-  
assert itself. The lame, halt, and blind,  
the one-armed, and one-legged, and  
the paralyzed, including one hideously mis-  
shapen gargoyle lying between two  
crutches—these Germans all react as  
one man to the patriotic air and  
struggle to straighten up, and some of  
them painfully succeed in stiffening  
rigidly to parade posture and salute  
their flag in regulation fashion, while  
the worst damaged, for whom this is  
a physical impossibility, salute with  
rigid heads, some only with their eyes.

The less damaged Austro-Hungarian  
soldiers (deleted by the censor) joined  
their German comrades in misfortune,  
and were moved to spirited enthusiasm  
when the Landsturm band next played  
the Austrian national anthem, which  
slowly affected even the most seriously  
crippled and roused them from their  
dead stupor. Austrian caps, one after  
the other, were doffed; bare, bowed  
heads were thrown back again with  
something of pride; these frowzy, shab-  
by wrecks of soldiers, (deleted by the  
censor), being of softer metal than the  
Germans, were many of them moved to  
tears by the tune of their national an-  
them.

They were not allowed to come  
ashore at once. There was still some  
official ceremonial to be run off. While  
women on shore tossed flowers, cigars,  
and cigarettes to them, which the  
physically able eagerly grabbed after,  
the Swedish national anthem had still  
to be played and sung as a deserved  
tribute to the good neutral officers that  
had made possible this humane ex-  
change of prisoners; the prince of  
Puthus, gray-haired and gray-bearded,  
and wearing the field gray uniform of  
a colonel of Prussian Uhlans, blazing  
with orders, there as the Kaiser's per-  
sonal representative, and owning half  
the island of Rugen, on which the pris-  
oners were about to land, had still to  
mount an improvised rostrum bowered  
with pine branches and deliver his ad-  
dress of welcome.

### Welcomed by a Prince.

"Comrades," he said in that husky  
bark peculiar to German officers long  
accustomed to command, "in the name  
of the Kaiser and all Germany I wel-  
come you, returning heroes, to home  
soil." The damaged heroes continued  
to stand at patient, respectful atten-  
tion. "You term of ingratulating in  
enemy imprisonment is happily over;  
your fatherland will do all it possibly  
can to repay your sacrifice by caring for  
you."

"Yet stand our joined fatherlands in

heavy struggle against half the world.  
A new and treacherous enemy has  
joined our foes, but I am glad to be  
able to tell you that German-Rugian-  
sons are advancing victoriously in the  
Dobruja. In telephonic conversation  
with his majesty the Kaiser last night,  
his majesty ordered me to tell you  
that a decisive victory had been won  
over the Roumanian and Russian  
armies." This announcement of Rou-  
manian defeat moved the cripples and  
consumptives to a pathetically weak  
"Hurrah," which strengthened as the  
aged prince called for three cheers for  
Kaiser Wilhelm and Kaiser Franz Jo-  
seph.

Then they were allowed to come  
ashore. With the neatness of a long-  
practiced military evolution, German  
ambulance men swarmed up the gang-  
plank, and two and two they led, more  
often carried, the released prisoners  
off the ship, set them on their feet and  
led them to be presented to the prince  
and his entourage, after which they  
were placed in chairs about the tables  
in the long dining sheds. Cigars,  
cigarettes, picture postal cards and  
German newspapers were distributed  
among them; bunches of oak leaves  
were fastened on them by enthusiastic  
women; they were dined and whined  
and fussed to the limit, and enjoyed the  
process hugely, but they were also re-  
quired to do some work. Soldiers of  
the local garrison passed from table to  
table, submittting printed lists and  
photographs of missing German sol-  
diers and officers to them, which they  
were asked to examine and, if they  
could identify any of the names or  
photographs, give any information pos-  
sible regarding the missing.

Then, one at a time, the exchanged  
German prisoners were led out of the  
dining room to a nearby dressing room  
and there stripped of their worn uni-  
forms, which were replaced by brand-  
new equipment. The pride on their  
faces as they limped back looking like  
real soldiers again was worth noting,  
and more than one looked as if he still  
had a lot of fight left in him. It was  
one of the most remarkable lightning  
changes I had seen in the course of the  
war.

The Landsturm band never stopped  
playing during these proceedings, dis-  
cussing chiefly military marches, with  
native dances thrown in for the benefit  
of the Austro-Hungarians, the Germans  
well knowing and making ample use of  
the tonic effect of brass band music;  
and it was worth while watching the  
rapid reaction of the liberated pris-  
oners to it.

### Returned Prisoners Quarantined.

Three hours later all were loaded  
into waiting hospital trains, the Ger-  
mans to be transported to a quarantine  
hospital in Bremen, the Austro-Hungar-  
ians to quarantine stations on the  
German-Austrian border, where they  
will be detained for an observation  
period of 17 days. Then they will be  
allowed to return to their homes.

These occasional little war cameos  
bring home to you the seamy side of  
the war as no great battle picture can;  
you realize what the war means to the  
innocent individual, and not a field of  
a thousand dead will fill you with such  
horror and repugnance to the whole  
business as this prisoner ship film.

And just as moving as the return of  
the Austro-Hungarians was the depart-  
ure of the Russian exchange prisoners  
early this morning.  
The local stages that had carried  
summer guests between the station and  
the hotels, these coughing consump-  
tives were brought from town down  
to the waterfront, where they (deleted  
by the censor) were led or carried by  
German ambulance men on to the Aeol-  
us and (technically) Swedish sol-  
diers. They were free men, but they didn't  
look it. They drooped in sterner chairs  
and on the benches that paralleled the  
steamer rails like a lot of very wet  
chickens. They looked broken in body  
and spirit, but this appearance was in  
part deceptive. Swedish nurses circu-  
lated among them and gave each Rus-  
sian a paper bag containing a first  
breakfast—a white roll sausage sand-  
wich. The released prisoners bright-  
ened up and proceeded to take a new  
interest in life.

### Swedes Feed the Russians.

Even before the Aeolus sailed, imme-  
diately after the first, a second break-  
fast was served to the Russians by the  
hard-headed Swedes, who went on the  
sensible theory that the best cure for  
melancholy is a full stomach. Swedish  
Red Cross nurses now distributed  
plates heaped with boiled sausages and  
potatoes, with a knife, fork and spoon,  
to each Russian prisoner, to the great  
puzzlement of not a few of them. One  
Russian, whom I watched carefully,  
tucked the knife in his boot top and  
sat on the plate fork and spoon, then  
comfortably ate boiled potatoes and  
tore up the sausage with his fingers.  
One of the young Swedish girls gave  
him his first instruction in the manipu-  
lation of polite table hardware, and as  
long as she watched him he made a  
noble effort to carve the sausage with  
his knife; the moment she left he re-  
lapsed into the primitive again.

The members of this consumptive  
crew were obviously going home but to  
die. Yet as the hospital ship slowly  
headed into the Baltic they too saw  
some bright mirage of a new existence.  
Those who could stand rose to atten-  
tion and saluted the German officers  
on the pier, who returned the salute;  
and as the Aeolus moved off Sweden-  
ward the continuous consumptive  
coughing of those Russians, sounding  
like a distant machine gun, was broken  
by a faint, feeble cheer to the watch-  
ers on shore.

To date, in round numbers 17,000  
Russians have been exchanged here at  
Sassnitz for 8,000 Austro-Hungarians  
and 2,000 Germans.

tion to the past. She was full of recol-  
lections of the war of 1870 and the  
Commune, and could recall the names  
of any number of ministers, senators,  
deputies, prefects, judges and colonial  
governors, on whom she had waited  
during their student days.

### Literal Promise.

"Uncle Bill promises me a rousing  
time on his farm."  
"He'll give you a rousing time, don't  
fear. It will be somewhere about five  
in the morning."

# THANKSGIVING



**G**OD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon  
us; Selah. That thy way may be known upon Earth, thy saving  
health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the  
people praise Thee. Then shall the Earth yield her increase; and God,  
even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of  
the Earth shall fear him.

From the 67th Psalm.

## PRAISE HIM for This Most Precious Gift

AN evening of this week it occurred  
to a man, sitting alone in an upper  
room, that Thanksgiving day  
was right at hand. So he bestirred his  
mind to consider those things for  
which an American might sensibly  
offer up gratitude to God.

He reflected that across the Atlantic millions  
of human beings were at that very moment en-  
gaged in the dreadful task of killing other human  
beings with every invention which ingenuity and  
skill could bring forth from the laboratories of  
science and the workshops of industry.

In other lands at that very moment tens of  
thousands upon tens of thousands of helpless  
folk—feeble, aged men and women, mothers with  
babies clinging convulsively to their breasts, little  
children sobbing in terror, a vast army of the in-  
nocent and the anguished—were enduring the ex-  
tremities of exposure, of hunger, and of despair  
as they fled from their wasted farmsteads and  
burning villages, escaping from the pitiless cruelty  
of savage men only to lie down to suffer and die  
under the pitiless skies of God in the winter and  
the bitter storms.

At that very moment most dreadful war hid  
half the world in the blackness of its darkness  
and from that horrid cloud rained destruction  
upon unhappy Europe—upon her ancient capitals,  
upon her pleasant cities, upon her villages, her  
fields, her temples, her treasures of art, upon all  
the accumulations of a thousand years of genius,  
of learning, of industry, of skill and of patient  
advancement of the happiness and the civilization  
of the race of man.

So he that considered all this wickedness that  
was being done under the sun, this drunken dance  
of death and hell about the fetid corpses and the  
multitudinous graves, this awful nightmare of in-  
describable woe and wrath, said in the bitterness  
of his heart that no God ruled over such a maniac  
world and there was no thanksgiving due to the  
Giver of Gifts that were not good, but everyone  
altogether evil.

And when the man had made an end of his  
thinking, he went and stood in a window and  
looked out upon the evening, because it was fair  
to see.

He saw in vision at that instant the vastness  
of the republic and the multitude of the good and  
happy folk who live under the shelter of its  
strength. He reflected how brief a time had this  
magnified the works of our pioneer fathers and  
our pioneer mothers, those brave and simple men  
and women whose names should never be men-  
tioned with anything but profound gratitude.

And to this American, glad with a great pride  
in the deeds of his people and the story of his  
country, and grateful to the Goodness which has  
guided and sheltered his fathers and his folk,  
lifted up his eyes to the night, to the quiet stars,  
to the brooding immensity above, and said in his  
heart:

"Thank God that I am an American!"

And, citizens, that is the one outstanding,  
splendid fact for which each one of us should  
soberly and most gratefully thank God on Thanks-  
giving day this year.

The finest thing you possess or ever can pos-  
sess is just your American citizenship. It is  
neither necessary nor becoming, on this day or  
on any other day, to cheapen this birthright of  
ours by brag or spangled declamation.

But it is highly becoming on this Thanksgiving  
day to feel a deep gratitude and a manly pride  
in this heritage.

### WHERE THEY CALL HIM "CHARLIE."

Charles M. Schwab, the Bethlehem steel king, is  
probably the most beloved "boss" in America. His  
men say there would be no strikes if others were  
like him. The American Magazine prints an ar-  
ticle about him in which it occurs:

"They call him 'Charlie' at Homestead; he is  
'Charlie' when he goes back there now to visit the  
'boys.' Those who were there in the old days  
he still knows by name, and just how long they  
have been on the job. When he went down to  
Homestead to say good-by, after resigning as pres-  
ident of the Carnegie Steel company, five thousand

And so we firmly believe you do feel.

We all hear it repeated that patriotism is a  
thing of the past; that our people have become  
commercialized; that the masses have no deep-  
rooted loyalty to the country; that our rich men  
put dollars above the obligations of their citizen-  
ship; that our poor folk care little for the ideals  
of free government; that we Americans are de-  
pendent in the virtues and valor which marked  
our fathers.

That is not true.

If there be any power in the world which plots  
war against us Americans and promises itself vic-  
tory over us on the assumption of our decadence  
in loyalty, that power will find how terrible was  
its mistake when our country calls her sons to  
battle in her defense.

We have, it is true, in our capacity as a col-  
lective people, left undone things that should  
have been done and done things which should  
have been left undone; and there is more truth  
than there should be in much that is jeeringly  
said by those who hate us.

We acknowledge that much of our politics of-  
fends common decency.

We see, here and there, painful evidence of cor-  
ruption among lawmakers and even among the  
judges, who should know only justice and in-  
tegrity.

We see rich men who do betray their country  
and foul their hands and soil their souls with  
most infamous dealings and most shameful  
profits.

We see Americans who do put the dollar above  
every consideration of right and duty, above the  
claims of our common humanity.

But while these things are true, it is true also  
that the heart and conscience of the American  
people, take them as a nation, are sound and  
sane and wholesome.

The blood of our fathers still runs in the veins  
of their sons. The spirit of the nation may in-

deed seem to slumber in the soft bed of long-  
enjoyed peace and security. But let war come  
against the land and no man need doubt that that  
spirit will spring up instantly awake.

We can rightfully be grateful that it has fallen  
to our happy lot to live in this most wonderful  
of all ages and to be citizens of this most won-  
derful of all the nations.

Let your hearts swell with just pride as you  
contemplate your country, so august, so splendid,  
so renowned in the earth.

Look upon your flag as it streams its bright  
folds yonder above your heads with proud and  
happy eyes. Remember how honorable is its  
story, and forget not how many thousands of  
brave and good men died that it might wave yon-  
der, the ensign of a free people.

Tell to your children the story of their fore-  
bears, of those men and women who, amid the  
wilderness and forests that stood where now  
stand mighty cities and stretch cultivated farms,  
erected, with hardships and endurance and most  
heroic faith and valor, the noble edifice of our  
republican liberties.

Speak to them of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge  
and Saratoga and Yorktown, and of the great  
Declaration—that most famous Charter of Hu-  
man Freedom.

Tell them to thank God for their fathers' and  
mothers' hardihood and courage, for the wars  
they fought for the liberties they won.

Tell them to salute their flag with high and  
proud hearts.

Tell them to thank God this Thanksgiving day  
that they are Americans.

And then do you soberly, gratefully, proudly  
thank God yourself that you are an American.

Oh, dear and mighty motherland, what better  
gift or more to be desired could God give than to  
be born and to die, strong Daughter of Liberty,  
between thy shining feet!—From the Chicago  
American.

## U. S. TROOPS MAY USE CACTUS FOR WATER

In the pursuit of Villa and his bandits through  
the arid regions of northern Mexico the United  
States troops traversed a region whose only vege-  
tation is the barbed and forbidding cactus. To  
any but a cowboy or a trained plainsman of the  
Southwest, inhabitants themselves of the "cactus  
belt," this plant seemingly has no more value than  
the veriest weed, but it may well be that it may  
prove of great value to the troops in the absence  
of water, fodder, or even food for human beings.

In the punitive expedition there are many cow  
punchers of the "cactus belt" serving as scouts,  
and in the cowboy and the Indian of the South-  
west the lowly cactus has its greatest admirer, for  
they know what a game struggle for life this plant  
has to make against an unloved desert soil. Even  
their ponies and cattle and the poor beasts of the  
desert know of these uses of the cactus for water  
and fodder, says the New York Herald.

There are some thousand varieties of this mon-  
strous vegetable family, not counting the 300 va-  
rieties of the agave, or century plant—incorrectly  
included by many—in northern Mexico. The va-  
rieties of the yucca palm and all other forms of  
vegetation known to the arid region have the same  
faculty of sucking up from the soil every drop of  
the all too little moisture in it and storing it up in  
their tough and leathery leaves and roots.

Of the many varieties perhaps the most remark-  
able is that member of the family known to those  
schooled in desert craft as the "water barrel." This  
plant is shaped somewhat like a beer keg and is  
about the same size. Through all the years of its  
growth it has been sopping up what moisture the  
fertilized earth contained and retaining it. It is the  
sole reliance of desert dwellers in time of drought,  
and the troops, far from water holes and with wa-  
ter scarce, may yet be obliged to drink from it.

The "water barrel" is tapped by slicing off the  
top with a sword or machete and pounding the  
pulp until the water contained in it wells up into

the saucer thus formed. The pulp itself is pure  
and the water stored in it is likewise pure and re-  
freshing.

Not all the water-bearing cacti are as gracious to  
famine-stricken men, however, as the "water barrel," for  
most of them have protected themselves against the  
maraudings of those who would drink and live  
by imparting a bitter taste to the water they con-  
tain. The "peyote" especially, which abounds in  
the plains and deserts of Arizona, has a trick of  
discouraging depredations upon it, for its plump  
and juicy pulp secretes a bitter and poisonous  
juice.

In the last dozen years scientists have interested  
themselves in the study of the cactus for its pos-  
sibilities as food, fodder and economic by-products.  
Dr. Leon E. Lundone, foremost in the study of this  
desert plant, several years ago conducted extensive  
experiments in Los Angeles to ascertain the value  
of the thornless cactus as an article of food for  
human beings. In an effort to prove his conten-  
tion that it contains food properties sufficient to  
enable a man to work 18 hours a day, he and his  
two secretaries for two weeks lived on a daily diet  
of the leaves and fruit of the cactus, the former  
being served green or fried and the latter either  
raw or cooked. While the "cactus squad" sur-  
vived the experience and professor to have en-  
joyed their novel diet, it is a fact that the cactus  
never has attained the popularity of a diet mignon.

In the whole vegetable kingdom probably there  
is not another plant family having so many dif-  
ferentiations of form as the cacti. For it is pos-  
sible to find among them species that crawl and  
creep like vines, other than stand erect in a single  
unbending stalk, like a green living monument of  
the desert; still others that are rooted to the spot,  
with their highest growth close to the ground and  
bearing almost no resemblance to usual forms of  
vegetation, and others, again, that branch out in  
thick unbending branches.

come to him," he says. "Thanks!" says I. "What's  
your name?" "It's Schwab," says he, "Charlie  
Schwab!" . . . An' faith, he'd give me a match  
today as quick as he was after givin' it to me  
thin'."

### THE BRUTE.

Mrs. Willis—Wake up, John! Wake up!  
Mr. Willis—What's the matter?  
Mrs. Willis—I hear a harsh, grating noise. I  
think someone is trying the door.  
Mr. Willis—Nonsense. It's some rat trying that  
cake you made today.—Life.

## WAITRESS 49 YEARS IS DEAD

Marie Trognon, Who Served Many  
Notables in Popular Cafe, Suc-  
cumbs in Paris.

Paris.—The Latin quarter, Paris,  
and perhaps the world, lost a record  
holder this week by the death of Marie  
Trognon, waitress in a popular restau-  
rant on the students' boulevard St.  
Michel. This restaurant was opened  
for the exhibition of 1887, and Marie  
joined it as waitress and has re-

mained with it 49 years. Generations  
of students have been served by her  
and passed on to become members of  
the academies, professors, celebrated  
politicians or high functionaries of  
state.

Their sons and grandsons have  
taken their places and Marie used to  
send her compliments to them when  
vacation time came and her young cus-  
tomers were going home. Many of her  
old customers came later to take a  
meal at their old tables and Marie  
would then praise the rising genera-